THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DRACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETOR

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1771.

Choice Poetry.

A FIRST SORROW.

Alone! the day shall chide
Forever gone!
To close a new cluster,
On Time's dark shore.
All gone! and gone!
But I! oh! where is now
My joy! my treasure!
My sunshine! my darling!
Thou and the sun!
Thy life lost and gone!

But now the stream has reached
A new, new sea,
Where God, the mild sun-spread,
Is waving wide.

Each of God's sadness bears
A sunset divine:
Heaven can be morning today
To-day for thine!

To each sunset there
God's Resurrection sees;
Oh, soul, to-morrow is day,
And calm thy tears.

Then, child, arising, away,
And bounding gay,
From out thy joy-cast days
Thy sorrow throw.

And, morning all behind,
Come thou, alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Rain to thine eyes—be strong,
Her cast away
Those tears that God has given
Thy soul to-day!

—Herminald Wade.

Original Novelet.

NANCY HELM:

OR,

The Cloud with a Silver Lining.

A STORY OF A MEMORABLE YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY IRVING.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE FIELD-PREACHER.

To discuss or to decide intricate theological questions is, for the most part of the writer's task, it is of the historian's. Yet, either history or story of the eighteenth century is found a confused and unsatisfactory without more than a brief allusion to the great changes which swept over the land like a fiery afflicting all, without distinction of party or sect; and having, as they calculated, their sole origin on the other side of the Atlantic. But it was a general breaking-up of old observances and time-worn prejudices; an awakening of mind to test theologies and principles by some higher standard than an appeal to long consecrated authority, which had much to be proposed that generation and the one succeeding, for the struggles which freed the New World from the arbitrary sway of the Old.

Nevertheless, much evil was mixed with the good. Whatever is through is applied to the deep strain of society, (the "cobweb," to borrow an expressive term,) is found out, and that will not bear the clear light of reason.—Fanaticism and illiberal orthodoxy are two of the scourges of freedom, whether in the domain of thought or of action. So it was in the colonies, at the spreading to individuality in matters of conscience. Failfaring, tractor, "special meeting," and sometimes unsatisfactory of all sorts, aroused, for a time, let loose among the people, and led the cautious and conservative often to doubt many of the good things which were attended by so much that was questionable.

The fathers of the New England church took a prominent part in this movement; the great intellect of Edwards, though it may be said to have adopted it, at a later date. But the seeds which fell from the hand of the sower fell under continent, and laid it by foreign hand.

Whatever may have been said by friends or foes, of the career or discretion of George Whitefield, both were in harmony with the forces as to ascribe to him one of the brightest intellects that ever dazzled human eyes. The man who could bring to his feet, and listen to the thousands, whose fame had resounded in both hemispheres.

The place of assembly was a semi-circular opening in the woods, furnished with rudely-constructed rails near for the accommodation of the hearers. In the edge of the grove stood a temporary platform, or rude pulpit, of rough timber of the logs of the forest, and near by stood a rude, seemingly unmindful of their neighborhood, a group of horses, which had been tethered to the branches. The assembly was already numerous, and constantly increasing. Men and women, old and young, were coming in, some riding two rag bottomed chairs, which had served as seats to his fame and her friend. The women, as a pair of ten-year old oxen contained to be stirred, with the heavy yoke upon their necks, and their heads bent down, as if in their own pleasure.

Under the pale golden luster of a quivering sun, the Davenport and Ruth Selwyn, the latter having her adopted child upon her knee. The former, stiff and upright in her twelve-year-old, high-sleeved gown of black satin, had already drawn her handkerchief from her pocket, and was using it. Ruth, who was collected by change of time or of circumstance, sat entranced by the scene and the excitement, with a great calico luncheon-bag in one hand, and a large bunch of evergreens in the other, or both were considerably nibbled. Little Nancy, in a shining blue linen frock of her mother's weaving, with the flush of exercise and excitement upon her cheeks, and those sparkling eyes of jet, was very beautiful in the shade, and gave holiday visit, and still held it in the half-closed hand, as she gazed about with the delight and curiosity of a child who for the first time mingles with a crowd.

Close before them towered the temporary pulpit, a structure of rough boards, built under the ordinary canopy of an old oak, formerly stricken by lightning, and left into the form of an arbor.

The sun had climbed far above the encircling trees; and the impatience of the assembly was making itself audible, when a murmur of welcome: He is here!" flitting from sip to lip, hushed the great throng into breathless stillness, and broke in fact of a grating cry, or the laugh of some heedless child, whose mother vainly strove to make it hush its noise.

A figure of a middle-aged black gown of serge, with the powdered wig, bands, and, especially, that quiet and dignified self-possession which has enabled a clerical nonentity, illustrated from a black like wagon and approached of the commonalty. Seated in close, and a glance that seemed at once to pierce to the innermost recesses of every heart before him, the grand orator passed through the crowd, mounted his pulpit, and with that grace and unconscious self-possession which has in a marked unlimited degree, stretched out his gloved hands over the sea of eyes intent upon his own.

Before he had opened his lips, the effects of his appearance and position were manifest. One and another bent eagerly forward; the more susceptible—women especially—flushed or paled with excitement, and many a one drew quicker breath, as though hurrying the spirit's advantage to an encounter with some unbridled power.

Ruth Selwyn sat unmoved, gazing with cold, unrelenting eyes on the man whose life to her was one of the blackest crimes, and who had dared to set himself above all the ministers of the Commonwealth. Poised in certain examination, she forgot her little companion, until a shiver, accompanied by something cold as ice, struck her shoulder, and the child's head fell upon her bosom.

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Soho, grasse, and occasional shrieks were the first interruption. Those like voice of the multitude, when it is moved, but as the impulse gathered, until it seemed to fill earth and sky with the wild, unbridled cadences.

At length, at the close of a period terribly impressive, and which, as it seemed to come up from the crowd, flung aloft her arms, and, with a shriek, still scream that drowned all other voices, fell prostrate on the turf. A tall, tawdry-dressed young lady immediately at her side, and with after-inspiring energy and resolute will to no purpose, commenced most energetically shaking her mistress's hands, warning of and exhortations to "be calm," and "not to give way to this unrestrained, would have crushed upon the unconscious form of the fallen. But Ruth had been the key-note to a general outbreak of wild, and the whole scene of sympathy or excitied crowd. Self-control deserted them to the winds. Screaming, singing, shouting, laughing, and weeping, they rushed up and down like the ocean in its angriest storm.

Ruth Selwyn, though still unmoved, stood for a few moments silent, with folded arms, waiting the result the first outburst should have expended itself. Powerful as he was, he knew little of the element with which he was so violently dealing, if he expected that it was to be of no more than to others, a source of surprise and mystery. Yet he knew he could say to the people, when they were in the mood for thought or of action. So it was in the colonies, at the spreading to individuality in matters of conscience. Failfaring, tractor, "special meeting," and sometimes unsatisfactory of all sorts, aroused, for a time, let loose among the people, and led the cautious and conservative often to doubt many of the good things which were attended by so much that was questionable.

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PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1844.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5, a copy will be sent every week for three years. Any person may get up a club for the Post, in which the subscription price may be reduced to $1 50 per annum. Address, post paid, the money to any Post Office:

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Subscribers may change their post offices as often as they please, so they inform us of the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it forwarded unto.

We trust that each of our old friends in Pennsylvania, and in the United States, will avail themselves of our liberal offer therein contained, and will commence some subscriptions, or respectable persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its NINTH VOLUME, and has between 60,000 and 65,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, Dr. DONALDSON, MARY IRVING, EMMA C. EMBURY, ALICE CAREY, MISTRESS VERONICA FITZBOG, &c. &c. *Mr. Southworth and Grace Greenwood still write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions of the Post, purged for the present year, we may mention

THE CHILDS STORIES, by Grace Greenwood,

THE KNAVE'S WIFE, by Orrin Greenleaf,

MARIE ANTOINETTE; or, THE CLOUD OVER A HAPPY LIFE, by MARY IRVING.

VIOLA, A STORY OF LOVE'S MYSTERY, by Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up the usual variety of SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS and LEGAL NEWS, TOPICS OF LIGHT LITERATURE, &c. &c. &c.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship Asia we have Liverpool dates to the 10th inst.

The Asia took out 300 passengers, and specie to the amount of $500,000.

The Russian Government has issued a proclamation of the Emperor and White Warfare, declaring that the Russian fleets in the Baltic were kindled and watched. The French and English fleets were ordered to attack them, and then chastise them to their full delights within the Russian waters.

Simultaneously the English steamer and fleet and the Emperor's warlike fleet, the Russians were hindered in kilted and wounded.

On the Tchernaya and in the Baltic we have now no information.

Lord Cowley arrived at Vienna on the 3d inst.

Gold has been found in the province of Nassau, in the grant of Alexander's dragoon.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg, the husband of the Grand Duchess Maria, died on April 22d, at Odessa, of typhus fever, and was buried in the Cathedral of that city.

The Russian fleet was said to have obtained communication with the Crimea, independently of the route through Perekop. Provisions, &c., had been sent across the Sivache.

The Emperor of Russia is said to have commanded 3,000 blacks in the Crimea.

Sebastopol is nothing now than Tchernaya to the Bottle.

Prussia issued from Neutrality to the Battle.

Sweden is about to build a railroad through the interior of Finland.

Sir Charles Napier is to have command of the Baltic fleet.

Lord Cowley left Vienna on the 3d inst., for Constantinople

Selected Poetry.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]